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From the Evening Post.

The Emigration From Europe.

The ships arriving from Europe continue to be filled with emigrants, and the journals of the old world continue to speak of throngs of families pressing to the seaports, to take their departure for distant lands in another hemisphere—America or Australia. To say nothing of Ireland, which is rapidly loosing her inhabitants, whole districts in Germany have been almost depopulated, and some of the government, alarmed at the decreasing numbers of their subjects, have thought proper to pass laws repressing the mania of emigration.

Laws, however, will fail to repress a feeling so strong and deeply rooted; indeed, it is more than probable that the obstacles thrown in the way of leaving their country, will strengthen the desire which pervades the mass of the people to seek a new home beyond the ocean.—Convert the most desirable place to a prison, and you awaken a wish to leave it. In the mean time, the facilities of communications between those who have emigrated and those who remain are such, that accounts of the good fortune of the emigrants go back with every mail that crosses the Atlantic, and, passed from hand to hand, fill the imaginations of the working class with dreams of a land of perfect freedom and almost boundless plenty. Those who are prosperous in this country urge their friends to follow their example, send out money to pay the passage of their relatives, and sometimes even return to look after those of a tender age, and to provide for their conveyance to America.

The passions for emigration which has seized upon the people of Europe is not however, a mere desire to place themselves in a condition of greater comfort; it has, to some extent, a political cause. It is a hatred of the institutions under which they live: it is the longing after a freer government, and the disappointment of their hopes from the short-lived revolution of 1848, which, as much as any other motive, inspires them with the resolution to leave the country of their birth.

The same cause which prompted that revolution, prompts the present emigration. It is the substitute for revolution—it is, in fact, a revolution ini tself.—Centuries of submissive endurance, centuries of patient waiting for the fulfilment of promises made by their princes, or ineffectual attempts to assert the rights of mankind, of vain bloodshed in the cause of liberty, and of martyrdoms from which that cause has gained nothing, have brought them at last to this result—that they must seek a new country.—migrate as did the Israelites of old, who, instead of raising the standard of rebellion against the Egyptian government, crossed the Red Sea and planted their nation under republican institution in the region of Palestine.

Emigration has become the great movement of the age, the great agent in working changes on the face of the earth and in the relative rank and power of the nations who inhabit it.

It is far more likely that the numbers of those who emigate from Enrope will hereafter increase, than that they will diminish. The tendency of things is to make their transportation across the ocean cheaper, more expeditious and more comfortable. The dread of a long seavoyage and its dangers has always kept many back; it has less force now than ever before; it will have less hereafter, as the passage is more speedily made. All who are discontented with the government at home will then, if they can procure the means, migrate to America or to New Holland.

It will require a strong love of country to induce one who is impatient for freedom to wait for the remote and doubtful chance of better institutitions at home, when a voyage of a few days, performed almost without peril, will place him in a land of freedom, among multitudes of his own countrymen who have migrated before him. We may, therefore, expect that the inclination to emigrate will acquire strength with years for some time to come. If the governments of Europe should oppose it, we shall not be suprised to see the example of the Israelites copied, and the men of this new exodous marching armed to the next seaport, or to the nearest land frontier.

The effect of this numerous emigration upon those countries from which it proceeds, will naturally be to postpone any meditated rising against the governments. The most discontented, the most impatient of despotism, the most restless, the most enterprising, will naturally be among the earliest to seek a country where there is no unnecessary restraint upon the freedom of speech or action.—It is upon such men that the cause of revolution must rely for its instigators, its leaders, its most zealous and faithful soldiers. All the quiet, the loyal the naturally submissive, will be left behind—the men who are either by temperament disinclined to change; or too timid to incur any risk for its sake. For the present, therefore, the effect of this partial depopulation of the old world will be to seat the monarchs of Europe more firmly on their thrones.

But in proportion as they are safer on that side, the existence of a great cluster of republics covering the larger part of North America, and spreading rapidly southward; prosperous beyond all other nations; as powerful as it is free; mistress, as it must be, of the most extensive trade in the world, with its merchant vessels in every sea, and the representatives of its commerce in every city of the old world—a power which they cannot safely attack or even offend—will be of dangerous example to their subjects. In another quarter of the globe will, ere long, have arisen another commonwealth giving the world the same proof of the happy influence of free institutions. We regard it as impossible that Australia, the population of which is now so rapidly increasing by emigration from Great Britain and other countries, should long remain under British dominion. It will soon attain the stature of maturity, slip its leading strings, and stand an independent republic—for other than a republic, no government voluntarily formed by men imbued with the notions of liberty which prevail in the present century can possibly be. Another example of prosperity and public happiness under free institutions will be presented, to awaken the envy and discontent of the subjects of the older governments of the world.

All these mighty streams of emigration pouring into the Atlantic states of this country, into California and Oregon and into Australia, are, as if by the special interposition of Providence, blended in one mighty whole; under influences almost identical. This mingled multitude of individuals from different nations passes immediately under institutions of a similer character, proceeding from a similar origin. A representative government, supported by an instinctive reverence for law, a free press, the English language, and the common literature of England and America, gently mould the great mass into that form which it has taken in the older states of our country.

It is certainly a remarkable circumstance, that the gold producing regions of the globe, into which the over peopled region, of Europe are discharging the excess of their living swarms, should be in possession of the two freest nations of the world. All the extension of the civilized world, in the present age, is an extension of the area of libnty. Despotism remains shut up within its ancient limits; the new growth is a growth of freedom. We do not take the French colony of Algiers into the account, for the French are bad colonizers; their settlements are little more than military posts in a subject country. An immense empire on this western continent, and a vast region in the depths of the Pacific, have been reserved to this late day by the wisdom that orders the destiny of mankind, for the establishment of free and equal governments, while the despotisms of the civilized world have been shut within bounds which they cannot overpass.

Let every man who has a comfortable residence to retire to, and who is not compelled to hard labor at this season, be thankful to a kind and benificent Providence. Among a large class in this city who are compelled to labor for a mere subsistence, there are instances of suffering few would imagine, and incidents of a positive heroism which many could scarcely conceive. A friend of ours who lives on Appollo Street, rose the other morning, just before daybreak, and from his balcony beheld a man actively engaged in putting out the gas lights. On the same evening, about 8 o'clock, our friend was on his way home, when he saw a sight that deeply affected and interested him.

It was the active lamplighter of the morning, dragging his now dreary body along, following his wife, who held the lamp in her hand, and on her shoulder bore the ladder. She was doing the duty of her husband, who was suffering from the first weary symptoms of the prevailing disease. When through the duties which affection prompted her to perform she put her husband's arm in hers, and led him home. We have not heard the condition of the sufferer since, but sincerely hope that he may live to reward the devotion of that wife, and support her when she may need his arm to lean on, and the word of affection to cheer and encourage her.—[N. O. Delta.

The Washington Union says in regard to the late duel:

We have been favored with a sight of a reliable letter from Charleston, from which we gather that Mr. Legare was engaged to a young lady in Columbia. Her friends enquired of Dunovant what was the character of Legare. Learning this, he inquired of Dunovant what he had answered, and found that he had spoken favorably of him. But not satisfied with a verbal statement, he demanded it in writing, which was refused. Legare challenged on this refusal. The distance was twelve paces. Legare fired at the word "one," and missed; Dunovant fired at the word "two' and killed his antagonist. The survivor was wholly unskilled in the use of the pistol, having never before had anything to do with a duel. Legare on the contrary, was notoriously a crack shot, having a few days before the affair came off, (in practising) placed forty-eight out of fifty balls in a card, at the word. He became very nervous on starting for the ground, and remarked that he felt a presentiment that he would fall, notwithstanding his skill with the pistol. He was formerly in the Navy as a Midshipman, where it is said he run a sword through a marine.

☞ The total amount of contributions for the sufferers at New Orleans is said to have reached $140,000.

The Voice of the Ocean.

Was it the sound of the distant surf that was in mine ears, or the low moan of the breeze as it crept through the neighboring wood? Oh, that hoarse voice of Ocean, never silent since time first began—where has it not been uttered? There is a stillness amid the calm of the arid and rainless desert, where no spring rises, and no streamlet flows, and the long caravan plies its weary march amid the blinding glare of the sand, and the red unshaded rays of the fierce sun. But once and again, and yet again, has the roar of Ocean been there. It is his sands that the winds heap up; and it is the skeleton remains of his vassals—shells, and fish, and the stony coral—that the rocks underneath inclose. There is silence on the tall mountain peak, with its glittering mantle of snow, where the panting lungs labor to inhale the thin, bleak air—where no insect murmurs, and no bird flies, and where the eye wanders over multitudinous hill tops that lie far beneath, and vast dark forests that sweep on to the distant horizon, and along long hollow valleys where the great rivers begin. And yet once and again, and yet again, has the roar of Ocean been there. The effigies of his more ancient denizens we find sculptured on the crags, where they jut from beneath the ice into the mist wreath; and his later beaches, stage beyond stage, terrace the descending slopes. Where has the great destroyer not been—the devourer of continents—the blue, foaming dragon, whose vocation is to eat up the land? His icefloes have alike furrowed the flat steppes of Siberia, and the rocky flanks of Schehallion, and his mumulites and fish lie imbedded in great stones of the pyramids, hewn in times of the old Pharaohs, and in rocky folds of Lebanon, still untouched by the tool. So long as Ocean exists there must be disintegration, dilapidation, change; and should the time ever arrive when the elevatory agencies, motionless and chill, shall sleep within their profound depths, to awaken no more—and should the sea still continue to impel its currents and to roll its waves—every continent and island would at length disappear, and again as of old, when the "foundations of the great deep were broken up."

"A shoreless ocean tumble round the globe."

Was it with reference to this principle, so recently recognized, that we are so expressly told in the Apocalypse respecting the renovated earth, in which the state of things shall be fixed and eternal, "that there shall be no more sea?" or are we to regard the Revelation as the mere hieroglyphic—the pictured shape of some analogous truth? "Reasoning from what we know, and what else remains to us?—an earth without a sea would be an earh without rain, without vegetation. without life—a dead and doleful planet of waste places, such as the telescope reveals to us in the moon. And yet the Ocean does seem peculiarly a creature of time—of all the great agents of vicissitude and change, the most influential and untiring; and to a state in which there shall be no vicissitude, and no change—in which the earthquake shall not heave from beneath, nor the mountains wear down and the continents melt away—it seems inevitably necessary that there should be "no more sea."—[Cin. Parlor Magazine.

Summer's Sunset.

Who is there who has ever looked up to the "golden gates of the resplendent West," and beheld them arrayed in all their magnificence, and watched the beautiful departure of the god of day, and has not felt himself lifted from earth to Heaven, and his feelings spiritualized by the contemplation of the scene?—The glories of sunset can be seen and enjoyed in their greatest fulness only in the country. The winds are now hushed among the foliage—the birds of heaven have ceased their warbling—the voice of the laborer is no longer heard, silence hangs like a canopy upon the scene. At such a season, go walk abroad in the country—carry along with you no book to aid your reflections—go alone or with a friend—let your heart be open to the influence of the scene—let its home-felt delights rise up unexpressed—resign yourself freely and entirely to the emotions of your own bosom—and if you have not been too far corrupted and contaminated by intercourse with the world, you will return a better, happier, and a holier man.

Steelyard Weights.

Yankee ingenuity has done a great deal in this country, and a little over the water. Spring steelyards are used more or less by every one having anything to sell, but are more used to buy with by those who understand them. Every one conversant with spring steelyards, is aware that they are not reliable for any length of time. The steel spring adjusted for cold weather, will not give a correct weight in warm weather, and if adjusted in warm, will not give correct weight in cold weather. In fact, they are as changeable as the weather, and are not to be trusted. If you buy a piece of meat at the market to-day, weighing 10 lbs., it is just as likely to weigh 11 to-morrow. The tension of steel, or in other words its hardness or softness, varies with the temperature, and it is upon the quality of tension or elasticity that it is used at all as a measure of weight.

The elasticity of steel is effected by its use—the more the steelyard is used, the easier it yields to the pressure of weight. A steelyard may be perfectly correct when first put into use, but it cannot note correct results after having been used a few times, and its variation from correct weight must be in proportion to the number of times the coiled spring has been forced from its position in a state of rest.—[Peoria Morning News.

Touch us Gently, Time.

The following beautiful prayer, by BARRY CORNWALL, must have been breathed by his heart, while sitting at his quiet fireside, looking upon the face of his sweet wife, and rocking the cradle of his golden-tressed Adelaide.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide down thy stream
Gently, as we sometimes glide
Through a pleasant dream!
Humble voyagers are we—
Husband, wife, and children three—
One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's unbounded sea,
Seeking only peaceful climes;
Touch us gently, gently Time!

Human Life.

Swiftly glide our years—they follow each other like the waves of ocean.—Memory calls up the persons we once knew, the scenes in which we were once actors; they appear before the mind like the phantoms of a night vision. Behold the boy rejoicing in the gayety of his soul—the wheels of time cannot roll too rapidly for him—the light of hope dances in his eye—the smile of expectation plays upon his lip—he looks forward to long years of joy to come—his spirit burns within him when he hears of great men and mighty deeds—he wants to be a man—he longs to mount the hill of ambition, to tread the path of honor, to hear the shout of applause. Look at him again, he is now in the meridian of life—care has stamped wrinkles upon his brow—disappointment has dimmed the lustre of his eye—sorrow has thrown its gloom upon his countenance—he looks back upon the waking dreams of his youth, and sighs for their futility: each revolving year seems to diminish something from his little stock of happiness, and he discovers, that the season of youth—when the pulse of anticipation beats high, is the only season of enjoyment. Who is he of the aged locks? His form is bent and totters—his footsteps move more rapidly toward the tomb—he looks back upon the past, his days appear to have been few, and he confesses that they were evil: the magnificence of the great is to him vanity—the hilarity of youth folly. He considers how soon the gloom of death must overshadow the one, and disappointment end the other: the world presents little to attract, and nothing to delight him: still however, he would lengthen out his days; though of "beauty's bloom," of fancy's flash," o' "music's breath," he is forced to exclaim, "I have no pleasure in them."—A few years of infirmity, and pain, must consign him to idocy or the grave: yet this was the gay, the generous, the high souled boy, who beheld his ascending path of life strewed without a thorn.—Such is human life; but such cannot be the ultimate destinies of man.

Virtue is the brightest ornament of youth. As, on the one hand, religion never appears more lovely and engaging, than when it dwells on the lips, and is exhibited in the lives of young people; so, on the other hand, young persons never appear so amiable, and deserve so much esteem and confidence, as when they are religious; when they walk in the paths of virtue, honesty, sobriety, and integrity. Always interesting in itself, youth is rendered doubly so when associated with the graces and tempers of the gospel. A young man or a young woman, destitute of religion, may be very estimable and worthy on account of the amiableness of their dispositions and the propriety of their deportment. But when the spirit and the graces of Christianity are added, it is like adding life and motion to a statute which we have admired for its proportion and decoration. But a young person of elegant form and engaging manners, who lives in profligacy, impurity, and blasphemy, deserves to be compared to a finished statue, streaming forth corruption, and poisoning the atmosphere with contagion and death.

An Ancient Paper Mill.

The old paper mill, says the West Chester Register, in which the paper was manufactured, used by Benjamin Franklin in his printing office, is still in operation on Chester Creek, Delaware county, and owned by Mr. Wilcox, the son of the gentleman who held it during the lifetime of Franklin. The paper was made at that time and is still manufactured by hand. Scarcely any change has been made in the mill, and the same process of making rags into paper is in operation to-day as was followed some odd hundred and forty years ago; the mill having been erected in the year 1713. Ivy Mills alluded to above, has long been exclusively devoted to the manufacture of bank note and map paper, of course by hand. The paper for the notes of the old United States Bank, of which much was said at the time, was made at this establishment. The paper was made of the best Russia linen, and Bandana handkerchiefs were shredad and mixed with the pulp to produce a red streak then for the first time adopted in bank note paper.

Poverty is an evil always in our view, an evil complicated with so many circumstances of uneasiness and vexation, that every man is studious to avoid it. Some degree of riches, therefore, is required, that we may be exempt from the gripe of necessity. When this purpose is once attained, we naturally wish for more, that the evil which is regarded with so much horror may be yet a greater distance from us, as he that has once felt, or dreaded the paw of a savage, will not be at rest until they are parted by some barrier, which may take away all possibility of a second attack.

From Moore's Rural New Yorker.

Maternal Influence.

How many of the great and distinguished men attribute, and truly too, the eminence to which they have attained, to the simple teaching of childhood,—to the impressions made on their youthful minds by a kind and affectionate mother. The following beautiful tribute to a revered and beloved parent, from the richly gifted pen of LAMARTINE, is well worthy attention, and its sentiments impressed upon the mind will elevate its standard of thought and refine the feelings of the heart;

My mother had received from hers, on her death bed, a beautiful Bible of *Royamount*, in which she taught me to read when I was a little child. This bible had engravings of sacred subjects on all its pages. Here was Sarah, here were Tobias and his Angel, here was Joseph, or Samuel; here especially were those beautiful patriarchal scenes where the solemn and primitive nature of the East mingled with all the acts of the simple and admirable life of those early men.

When I had recited my lesson well and read almost without mistake half of a page of Sacred History, my mother showed the engraving, and, holding the opened book on her knees, permitted me to view it while she explained it to me as a recompense. She was endowed by nature with a pious and tender spirit, and with an imagination the most sensible and brilliant; her beautiful and noble figure, reflected in her radiant countenance, all which glowed in her heart, all which characterized her thought; and the sound, clear, affectionate, solemn and passionate tone of her voice added to all she said an accent of force, of charm, and of love which still resounds at this moment in my ear, alas! after six years of silence. The sight of those engravings, the explications, and poetical comments of my mother, have inspired me from the most tender infancy with biblical tastes and inclinations. From a love of the things to a desire of seeing the places where those things happened, was only a step. I eagerly desired therefore, from the age of eight to visit those mountains where God descended—those deserts where the angels came and pointed out to Hagar the hidden fountain whence she might revive her poor infant, deserted and dying of thirst: those rivers which flow out from the terrestrial Paradise; that heaven where the angels descended and ascended the ladder of Jacob.

This desire had never been diminished. I had always thought from that time upon a tour to the East as a great act of my life. I continually constructed, in my thought a vast and religious *epic poem*, of which these beautiful places were the principal scene; it also appeared to me that the doubts and religious perplexities would here find a solution and harmony. Then I could draw from her colors for my poem,—for life, to my mind, was always a grand poem, as to my heart it was of Love. God, Love, and Poesy are the only three words I wish engraved on my tomb-stone if I ever merit one.

Henry Clay and Mike Wash.

When Mike Wash was an apprentice in New York, at the lithographic printing business, it happened that Henry Clay was in the city, and the honored guest of the people. His reception-room was directly opposite where Mike worked, and the crowd was seen by the workmen from the window passing into the hotel to shake hands with the "great commoner." The workmen dared Mike to go over and shake with Mr. Clay, dressed as he was, with a paper cap on, his sleeves rolled up, and face and arms bedaubed with ink. Mike would not be *dared*, and, slopping his hand upon the ink-stone, made it quite moist with the sticky liquid. He then moved mechanically across the street, entered, was introduced and shook hands with Mr. Clay. He gave a cordial grasp, so much so that the hands partially stuck together; but on Mike went with the crowd who preceded him, and, looking over his shoulder, observed Mr. Clay gazing, with a mingled expression of astonishment and playfulnes, at the inky hand Mike had left him. "But Henry Clay was great, even in little things, and taking the affair in a jocular way, he instantly determined to pass the joke, and pass it literally. The consequence, was that the introduced white kids and all, carried away with them a portion of printers' ink, until Mr. Clay's hand was almost cleared of the black "soft impeachment," and he was near being convulsed with laughter at the odd predicament of himself and the sharers. Mr. Clay has often been heard to speak of it as one of the amusing incidents of his life.—*Washington Star.*

Untimely.

A characteristic story is told of Judge R., a worthy man, and in his younger days, an able lawyer, now living in the nothern part of Vermont. It is said he was once ambitious of political preferment, but, if so, his success has not been equal to his hopes, as he never rose higher than to be what is called a "flower pot Judge"—as "side judges" are sometimes called, from the fact that the office is rather a matter of ornament than use.

A few years ago, while this old gentleman was attending a session of the legislature, he was accosted by an old acquaintance, with, "Ah, judge, how d'ey do, and what brings you to the capitol?" "Why," said R., "I came to get an office, but it's of no use, and I shant try it again. For twenty years I came here regularly for an office but they said I was too young, and now that I have grown grey, trying to remove that objection, they told me I'm too old, and that's a difficulty which I have no hope of out living; so I give up the chance!"

The Decline of Turkey.

Unquestionably the Turkish Empire is in a lamentable state of decline and disorganization; and like wolves hovering around a dying bison, the cormorants of Europe are awaiting the expiration of the Ottoman Empire to seize on the prey, and re-enact the scenes that attended the dismemberment and partition of Poland, or, to engage in sanguinary strife over this bone of contention, soon apparently to be thrown to them

Within the life-time of some, European Turkey has declined from the acme of its power to its present helpless and dependent condition; and this has been chiefly accomplished through the effects of maladministration, and the insidious policy of the court of St. Petersburg.—Both in the North and South her territorial integrity has been sacrificed.—Moldavia and Wallachia have been virtually wrested from the Turkish will, and Egypt and Greece are independent. Even those provinces that remain are in some instances estranged from each other, and yield but an imperfect allegiance. In the language of the Westminster Review,

"Misgovernment, and a prejudice of the Turk against a reforming policy, have combined to extend the political differences which the varieties of physical origin and religious belief had originally introduced. In the first place the reforms which were sanctioned by the government of the late Sultan, have resulted in a division of the Mahometan population against itself. The Mahomedans of Bosnia and Albania have leagued with those of Asia against the policy of the Porte. Again, among the Christian states, there is a general dissatisfaction to the existing system."

Peace within her borders has been maintained rather through dexterous diplomacy, than by military skill; for when dissatisfaction with government has existed, its efficacy has been counteracted by sowing dissension among hostile provinces.

These errors in the Turkish fiscal system have reduced the national credit to a desperate condition, while a heavy custom duty has been insisted on as an essential to the existence of the government. There is an export charge more than double the amount, flooding the markets of Turkey with foreign produce and discouraging domestic industry.—To offset this disadvantage, large sums were expended on manufacturing enterprise, to the neglect of agricultural improvements, and also of internal communication, by which produce must be brought to a market.

But even in attempting to remedy these evils, still greater threaten, from the animosity with which religious bigotry is ever ready to assail the work of reform and from long existing prejudices. Therefore refuge is sought in inaction, which may be dangerous, while action might be fatal. The prospects of a thorough work of reform amid such discordant and conflicting interest is very remote.

(New York Journal of Commerce.

From the Evening Post.

Appointments to Office.

Our Washington correspondent, in a recent letter, told a bad story of a supposed robbery committed by the agents of the government. The two late whig administrations—we mean those of Taylor and Fillmore—seem to have been particularly unfortunate in the appointment of persons to places of pecuniary trust. The affair of the Galphin claim covered the cabinet of General Taylor with disgrace. How much further his administration might have proceeded in the same path, cannot now be known. Its enterprises, whatever they were, were nipped in the bud by General Taylor's death and Mr Fillmore very properly, as every body acknowledged, chose to administer government through a cabinet of his own naming. We fully believe, for our own part, that Mr. Fillmore, who had conducted himself creditably in the office of Comptroller of the state of New York, intended, when he took upon himself the functions of President, that there should be no plundering of the treasury while he filled that post. He committed, however, the fatal error of putting men in office without sufficient regard to their pecuniary honesty. His Secretary of the Treasury, a showy stump-speaker, was the last man whom he should have thought of for that office. Mr. Corwin, as a financier, was neither expert nor scrupulous, and by having connected himself with the enormous fraud of the Gardiner claim, brought a new disgrace upon the administration. In the selection of other agents he seems to have been quite as unfortunate, or, to say the truth, quite as heedless of the proper qualifications of those to whom he trusted the public interests, The cases of Butler King and John A. Collier are very glaring ones, and what may come of this investigation into the affairs of the Indian Department we shall yet see.

We believe that most Presidents, while yet new in office, are somewhat inattentive to this point of scrupulous pecuniary integrity in those whom they appoint. A few cases of peculation and coruption, and the scandal they occasion, have generally the effect of making them more cautious as their term of office draws towards its close. But for Mr. Fillmore, it appeass to us, there is no excuse; certainly there is none on the score of inexperience. He had all the advantage of the experience of one with whom he was closely connected, both politically and officially: he had General Taylor's failure before his eyes, and should have profited by the warning it held out to him. A politician who cannot learn any useful lesson from events which pass immediately under his personal observation, and the consequences of which affect him as the member of a party, is either miserably incapable or inexcusably heedless.

For our part, we frankly say, that the examples of pecuniary dishonesty have been so frequent lately among men clothed with important public trusts, that hereafter—at least until they are forgotten—there will be no excuse for carelessness in the essential point of personal honesty.

Ballooning in Siberia.

A Siberian correspondent of the Independence Belge gives an account of the introduction of aerial navigation for practical purposes in that country. It seems that the enormous quantity of water produced by the melting of snow, occasions a great rise in the rivers in the spring of the year, intercepting the communication between certain manufacturing works on the Ourai, at the distance of three and a half verstes from each other, and separated by a small stream. In order to keep up the communication, and permit the workmen to pass and repass, a large stationary belloon is fixed by three cords over each of the factories at the height of about 200 metres. From each of these balloons is suspended a cable reaching the opposite factory which is attached to timbers constructed for the purpose. Between these two points, the cable is also supported by two intermediate balloons. The principal cable is provided with a pulley, on which is hung a light sheet-iron boat, holding two or three persons without inconvenience.—The pulley itself is commanded by two cords attached to opposite points, permitting the boat to be drawn toward either factory at pleasure. The cord designed to draw up the pulley if it has descended on the cable, and from which the vehicle has been detached passes over a small pulley connected with the lower part of the balloon, so that these two cords, and consequently the pulley to which they are attached, are managed by persons on the ground. The main pulley has also an arrangement for the convenient mounting of the boats, subject to the control of the passengers, and the boat is provided with parachute in case of accident. Thus far the contrivance has worked in a very satisfactory manner,

MAINE LAW HORSE.

The following incident is told in the New York Times, by its Paris writer:

"M'lle Mogador, a Lorette in renown who, some time ago received a present of a horse from some sexagenarian admirer, could think of nothing too costly or luxurious for the beautiful animal's needs. She spent vast sums of money on him, one day at Madrid, [a rendezvous in the Bois de Boulogne,] offered him a bowl of punch. The waiter advanced with the smoking nectar and held it under Monte Cristo's nose.—Five hundred spectators witnessed the scene, and the charger thought the opportunity a favorable one to make a favorable demonstration. He lifted his foot, and with a mere tap of his shoe upon the porcelain shivered the bowl to atoms, and dispersed the precious liquid upon the ground, He then turned to a pail of water that was standing near, and burying his head in it, quaffed the cooling draught to the bottom. He then looked calmy at the audience, won a salvo of applause, and received the pats and caresses of great many fair hands' and dragged Mogador back to Paris.

Here is a clergyman's opionion of a newspaper:

Rev. Daniel Baker, of Texas, says he has traveled through a great many States, mixed with the people, conversed at the country fireside, and preached in the open forest as well as in thronged city. Where he found newspapers he found intelligence, people whom he could talk or listen to with pleasure, and among whom his good work prospered. As a general thing, where a newspaper was not taken, he could tell it in the sloveliness of the household, the ignorance of the children, and the difference in civilization between those who do not take newspapers and those who do; that the traveler in the country will be pleased and entertained by the one, while he will despise the other without knowing the cause to which the difference is aributable.

Street Signs in Paris.

The Municipal Council has decided that all the corner houses in Paris shall bear the names of the streets upon which they stand, as nearly half the public thoroughfares are known only by tradition and common consent, not by the presence of an official sign. A contractor has engaged to deliver to the city all the signs it may need, at an average price of $2,75 apiece. The letters to be white upon a blue ground; the substance to be enamelled lava. Experience has shown that this combination of color is the most easily read in the dark, and has lately been adopted for the numbering of houses.—[Correspondent of the N. Y. Times.

The Directors of the S. &H. V. Railroad, have made arrangements to have a train of Cars leave Jackson every morning, (Sundays excepted,) at 8½ o'clock, and arrive at Portsmouth at 12 M—returning, leave Portsmouth at 2½ o'clock and arrive at Jackson at 6, P. M. There will also a train leave Portsmouth at 9 o'clock, A. M., and arrive in Jackson at 12 M.—returning, leave Jackson at 2 P. M, and arrive in Portsmouth at 6 P. M. By this arrangement our citizens going to Portsmouth, will be enabled to transact their business and return home the same evening.—*Jackson Standard*